



GHOSTLY



WEIRD

STORIES



IT CAME TOWARD ME, GROWLING IN A HORRIBLE MANNER. IT STRETCHED FORTH ITS LONG HAIRY ARMS TO SEIZE ME IN A DEADLY EMBRACE. MY MIND WAS FILLED WITH DREAD AND UNCERTAINTY; WAS THIS TERRIBLE CREATURE OF DARKNESS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION, OR DID IT REALLY EXIST IN ALL ITS HORRIBLE FEROCITY? THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE WILL REVEAL THE FACTS.

NIGHT-MONSTER



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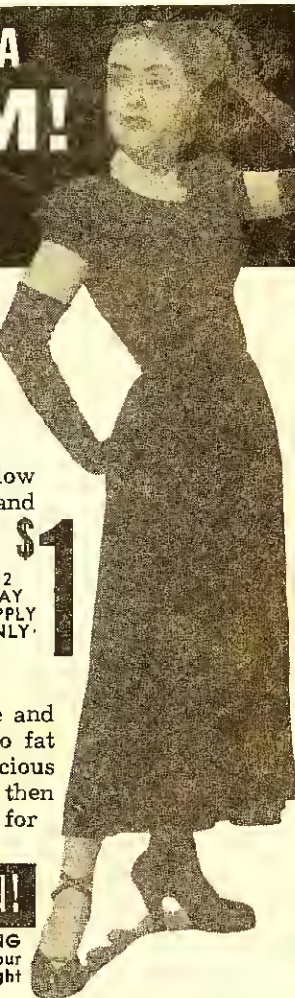
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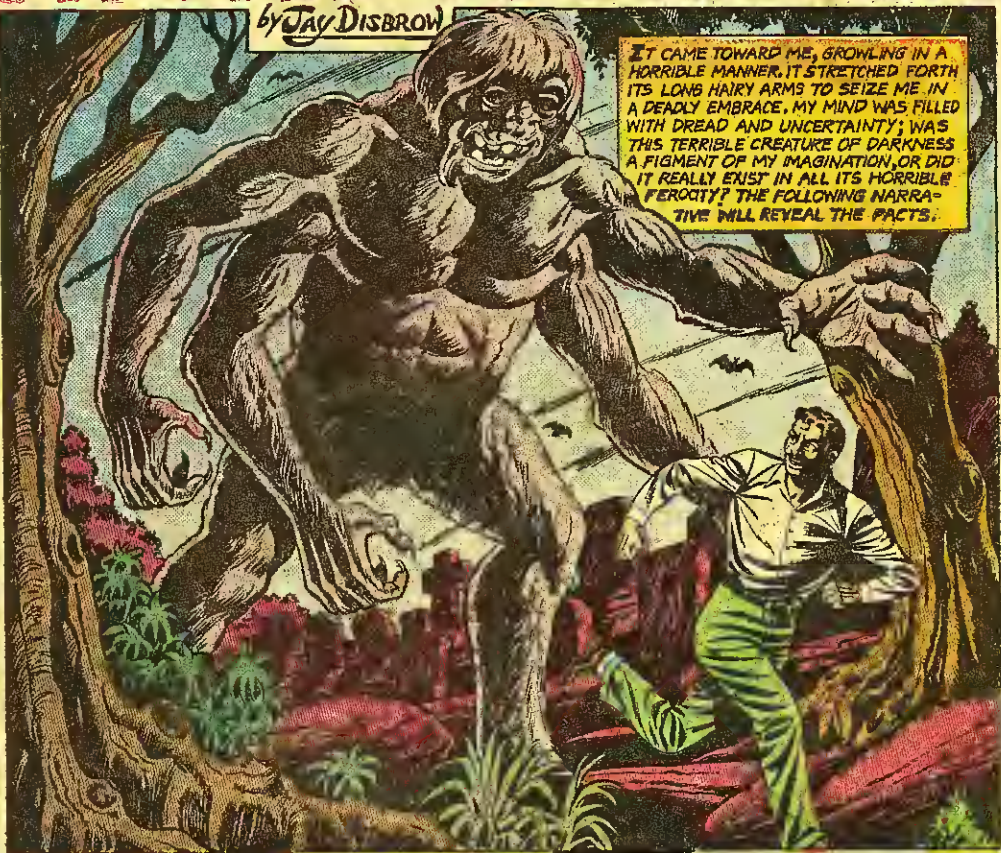
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NIGHT-MONSTER

by JAY DISBROW

IT CAME TOWARD ME, GROWLING IN A HORRIBLE MANNER. IT STRETCHED FORTH ITS LONG HAIRY ARMS TO SEIZE ME IN A DEADLY EMBRACE. MY MIND WAS FILLED WITH DREAD AND UNCERTAINTY; WAS THIS TERRIBLE CREATURE OF DARKNESS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION, OR DID IT REALLY EXIST IN ALL ITS HORRIBLE FEROCITY? THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE WILL REVEAL THE FACTS.



MY NAME IS RAY ALEXANDER; I'M ONE OF THOSE UNUSUAL INDIVIDUALS KNOWN AS A COMIC STRIP ARTIST, AND THIS UNFANNY INCIDENT HAD ITS BEGINNING ONE EVENING, WHEN I WAS WORKING FAR INTO THE NIGHT ON MY LATEST ADVENTURE STORY...

THERE, IT'S FINISHED! NOW TO GET THE COMPLETE STORY TOGETHER!



BOY, THIS IS TERRIFIC! THE BEST SPACE STORY I'VE EVER CREATED! I'M SURE THE EDITOR WILL GO FOR THIS!



BUT I WAS SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED WHEN ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, I PRESENTED THE STORY TO MY EDITOR. HE DID NOT SHARE MY ENTHUSIASM OVER THIS LATEST CREATION.

NO, NO, RAY! THIS ISN'T WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR! SCIENCE FICTION IS GOOD IN ITS PLACE, BUT WHAT WE NEED IS HORROR STORIES!



YES, BUT WE WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL SELL! WEIRD STORIES ARE THE HOTTEST THINGS ON THE NEWSSTANDS TODAY! THE PUBLIC IS DEMANDING THEM! PEOPLE HAVE A SUB-CONSCIOUS DESIRE TO BE FRIGHTENED! HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS ARE TURNING OUT HORROR MOVIES BY THE HUNDREDS, AND THEY'RE MAKING A FORTUNE ON THEM!... AND LOOK AT THESE COMIC BOOKS OUR COMPETITORS ARE PUTTING OUT!



THE PAGES ARE FILLED WITH PICTURES OF GHOULS, AND MONSTERS OF EVERY SIZE AND SHAPE, AND THAT'S WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS! LOOK AT THIS CHARACTER, FOR EXAMPLE, UTTERLY GROTESQUE!



AND HERE; PICTURES OF PEOPLE BEING BUTCHERED, STABBED, STRANGLED, AND BLUDGEONED! ITS GRUESOME, BUT IT SELLS! AND THIS IS WHAT WE NEED TO SATISFY OUR READERS!



AND HERE'S THE GREATEST! IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH A CHARACTER LIKE THIS, IT'LL PUT YOU OVER THE TOP!



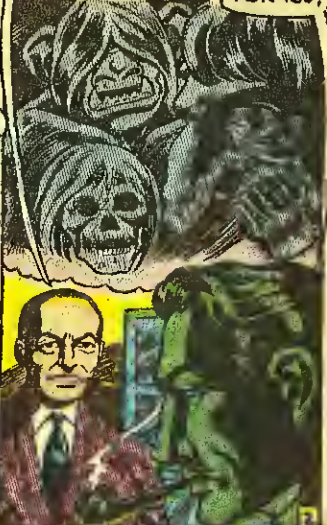
BUT SCIENCE-FICTION HAS ALL KINDS OF WEIRD POTENTIALITIES, L.B., AFTER ALL, NO BODY KNOWS WHAT KIND OF CREATURES ONE MIGHT ENCOUNTER ON MARS OR VENUS!

THAT'S RIGHT, AND THAT ANGLE CAN BE PLAYED UP OCCASIONALLY, BUT REMEMBER THIS; A WEIRD STORY HAS TO BE SOMETHING THAT THE AVERAGE PERSON CAN ASSOCIATE HIMSELF WITH, THEREFORE, IT MUST TAKE PLACE RIGHT HERE ON EARTH! WHAT WE NEED IS A TERRIFYING CREATURE OF THE DARKNESS, SOMETHING THAT WILL REALLY GIVE OUR READERS CHILLING ENTERTAINMENT; A NOCTURNAL GHOUL OF SOME KIND, A NIGHT MONSTER!

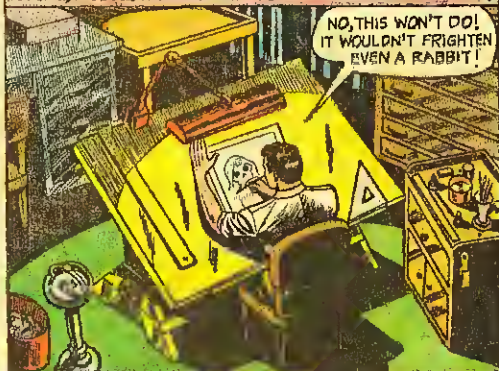


WHAT YOU NEED, RAY, IS TO GET THE PROPER ATMOSPHERE IN THESE STORIES! YOU SHOULD SPEND A NIGHT IN A GRAVE YARD, OR A CRYPT, IN ORDER TO REALLY GET THE FEEL OF A MACABRE, SETTING!... HEY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

I'M CONCENTRATING, CHIEF, TRYING TO THINK UP A REALLY GRUESOME CHARACTER FOR YOU!



I RETURNED HOME THAT DAY FULL OF DETERMINATION; IF IT WAS WEIRD STORIES HE WANTED, I KNEW I WAS CAPABLE OF GIVING THEM TO HIM! I WENT IMMEDIATELY TO MY STUDIO AND ATTEMPTED TO DOPE OUT A STORY, BUT IDEAS WERE SLOW IN COMING, I COULDN'T EVEN THINK UP A SUITABLE CHARACTER!



NO, THIS WON'T DO! IT WOULDN'T FRIGHTEN EVEN A RABBIT!

I WORKED FAR INTO THE NIGHT, BUT ALL TO NO AVAIL. I JUST CAN'T GET THE FAINTEST GLIMMER OF AN IDEA! ALL THESE MONSTERS AND GHOULS I'VE THOUGHT UP SO FAR ARE TOO SEDATE, THEY LOOK LIKE FAIRIES!... MAYBE, L.B. WAS



RIGHT! MAYBE I SHOULD SPEND A NIGHT IN A GRAVEYARD! YES, I'LL DO IT! --- TOMORROW NIGHT!

I RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT, BUT I WAS VERY RESTLESS! I KNEW MY JOB DEPENDED ON TURNING OUT THE RIGHT KIND OF MATERIAL. I TOSSED AND TURNED FOR HOURS...

MONSTERS! THAT'S WHAT I NEED, MONSTERS!



FINALLY, IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT, I ROSE FROM MY BED; I WAS RESOLUTE! WHY SHOULD I PUT THIS OFF ANY LONGER! THERES A CEMETERY NOT FAR FROM HERE, AND I MIGHT AS WELL GO THERE RIGHT NOW!



I QUICKLY DRESSED... NOW IS THE PERFECT TIME! IT'S AS BLACK AS PITCH AT THIS HOUR! MAYBE WITH THE ATMOSPHERE OF A GRAVEYARD, I CAN GET A GOOD IDEA FOR A STORY!



HAD I DELIBERATED ON THE MATTER MORE CAREFULLY, I WOULDN'T HAVE EMBARKED UPON SUCH A RASH UNDERTAKING, BUT AS IT HAPPENED, I DID SEEK OUT THAT SOMBER GRAVEYARD...

WELL, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED SO FAR, I DON'T FEEL THE SLIGHTEST QUALM OF FEAR!... SAY, WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?



WHAT IS THIS SUBTERKANEAN STRUCTURE? IT WAS NEVER HERE BEFORE! AND THAT SIGN, IT MUST BE SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE!... WELL, I CAME HERE FOR AN EXPERIENCE, AND THIS MAY BE IT! I MIGHT AS WELL GO IN!

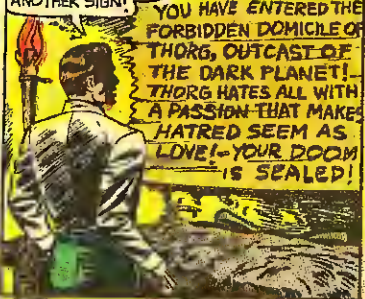
WARNING, DO NOT ENTER MY ABODE UNDER PAIN OF DEATH

I HAVE NEVER CONSIDERED MYSELF TO BE A HERO; I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CONTENT TO LEAVE HEROICS TO THE CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES. THEREFORE, I MUST CONFESS THAT I TREMBLED WITH SUPPRESSED FEAR AS I ENTERED THE STYGIAN DARKNESS OF THAT FORBIDDING CAVERN...



THE PASSAGE LED DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, AND FINALLY TERMINATED AT A LARGE ROCK CHAMBER, WITH SEVERAL DIVERGING CORRIDORS CONNECTING TO IT. HERE I MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

CRUDE BED OF SOME KIND! IT'S IMMENSE! AND WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER SIGN!



YOU HAVE ENTERED THE FORBIDDEN DOMICILE OF THORG, OUTCAST OF THE DARK PLANET! THORG HATES ALL WITH A PASSION THAT MAKES HATRED SEEM AS LOVE!—YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!

SUDDENLY, I HEARD A GUTTURAL ROAR BEHIND ME! I TURNED SHARPLY, STARK TERROR GRIPPING MY SOUL...



WHAT THE?

AND THERE, COMING TOWARD ME IN PRODIGIOUS STRIDES, WAS A TITANIC CREATURE OF ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE PROPORTIONS. ITS FACE WAS CONTORTED IN A TERRIBLE GRIMACE OF MALIGN HATRED. MY BODY SHOOK WITH UNCONTROLLABLE TERROR AS I BEHELD THIS MONSTER OF THE DARKNESS. I WANTED TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS FELT AS THOUGH THEY WERE RIVETED TO THE CAVERN FLOOR! I WANTED TO SCREAM, BUT I COULD NOT! I STOOD THERE, PETRIFIED WITH STARK FEAR, AS THE GROTESQUE TITAN BORE DOWN UPON ME!



GROOF! FOOLISH EARTHLING, YOU DISOBEYED MY WARNING! NOW YOU MUST DIE!

THE THING LUNGED AT ME, BUT SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO MOVE QUICKLY ENOUGH TO AVOID THOSE GRASPING, CRUSHING HANDS! I SUDDENLY SEEMED TO BE WEIGHTLESS AS I SPRANG AWAY FROM HIM.

THE TORCH ON THE WALL! I'VE GOT TO GET IT! MY ONLY CHANCE!



I GRASPED THE TORCH FROM THE WALL, AND PUSHED THE FLAMES INTO THE CREATURE'S TERRIBLY EMACIATED FACE.

TAKE IT, YOU DRIVELING APE!

AAAAAAGH!



THE THING STAGGERED BACK, CLUTCHING ITS SEARED FACE, AND SCREAMING IN PAIN! I SEIZED UPON THIS OPPORTUNITY TO TURN ABOUT AND RUN BACK UP THE ROCKY PASSAGE WAY! MY HEART POUNDED WITH FEAR, FOR I KNEW THE CREATURE WOULD PURSUE ME, AS SOON AS IT RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK.



AAARAF!
GRAF!

GOT TO
GET AWAY!

AND MY FEARS WERE CONFIRMED! AS I SPRANG FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE DARKENED SHAFT, I CLEARLY HEARD HEAVY FOOT FALLS BEHIND ME!

HE'S COMING! IF I CAN
JUST MAKE IT HOME,
I CAN BARRICADE
MYSELF IN!



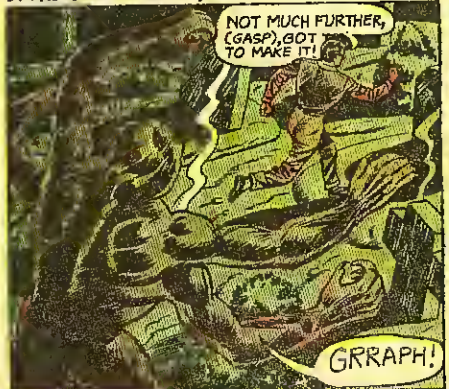
BY SOME MIRACLE, I MANAGED TO REACH MY HOME, BUT THE RELENTLESS MONSTER WAS CLOSE UPON MY HEELS! I CRIED OUT FOR HELP, BUT AT THAT LATE HOUR, THERE WERE NONE TO HEAR MY DESPERATE CALLS.

YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE NOW!

HELP, HELP,
SOMEONE HELP ME!



AS I STARTED ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD WITH THAT TERRIBLE Hairy THING DOGGING MY TRACKS, MY MIND WAS NUMB WITH TERROR! MY LEGS, ACHED FROM THE EFFORT OF PROLONGED RUNNING! COULD I MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE?



NOT MUCH FURTHER,
(GASP) GOT TO
TO MAKE IT!

GRRAPH!

SOMEHOW, THE TERRIBLE CREATURE WAS ABLE TO SQUEEZE ITS TREMENDOUS BULK THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, AND IT CONTINUED TO PURSUE ME AS I DASHED FRANTICALLY UPSTAIRS!

AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY, BUT WHERE WILL I GO?



I RAN ON, UNTIL I ARRIVED AT THE ATTIC, AND THEN I COULD GO NO FURTHER; THERE WAS NO PLACE TO GO! I HAD GOTTEN MYSELF INTO A CUL-DE-SAC! I WAS TRAPPED! WITH A TERRIBLE SNARL, THE THING CLOSED IN UPON ME!

AGAGH!



I FOUGHT BACK AS ONLY A DESPERATE MAN CAN FIGHT! I CLAWED AND KICKED! I PULLED GREAT CHUNKS OF MATTED HAIR FROM THE CREATURE, UNTIL THE FLOOR WAS LITTERED WITH IT, BUT I KNEW IT WAS USELESS!

YOUR END
HAS COME!



NO, NO!

THEN THE COLD, CLAMMY FINGERS OF DEATH ENTWINED ABOUT MY THROAT, AND I FELT MY LIFE EBBING AWAY!

NO---STOP! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!

I---I---CAN'T BREATHE---



STOP! STOP! I CAN'T BREATHE---I---



WHY IT WAS ALL A DREAM! A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE-----BUT IT WAS SO REAL; I NEVER HAD SUCH A VIVID DREAM BEFORE!---SAY, THAT WILL BE MY STORY! I'LL WRITE IT EXACTLY THE WAY I DREAMT IT! IT'S SENSATIONAL!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, I RETURNED TO WORK WITH AN UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM! I WROTE OUT A SCRIPT FOR THE STORY, AND THEN PROCEEDED WITH THE BREAK-DOWN.

THIS IS THE BEST IDEA I'VE EVER HAD! IT'LL SELL A MILLION!



WHEN THE STORY WAS COMPLETED, I TOOK IT INTO THE PUBLISHING OFFICE, AND I WAS VERY HAPPY TO DISCOVER THAT THE EDITOR SHARED MY HIGH REGARD FOR ITS MERIT---

A TERRIFIC STORY, RAY! IT SHOULD GO OVER BIG! AND THE ILLUS ARE TREMENDOUS!---WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A MYSTERY STORY, WITH AN ORIENTAL LOCALE, SOMEPLACE LIKE TIBET! BUT IT MUST BE AUTHENTIC, SO GO TO A LIBRARY FOR RESEARCH.

I HAVE SEVERAL BOOKS ON ORIENTAL NAMES AND PLACES MUST BE ACCURATE! IN MY ATTIC!



WHEN I RETURNED HOME, I WENT IMMEDIATELY TO MY ATTIC TO FIND THE REFERENCE MATERIAL I NEEDED FOR MY NEW ASSIGNMENT.

I THINK I PUT THEM IN A PACKING CASE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!



WHEN I REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE ATTIC, I MADE AN INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY. FOR THERE, ON THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR WAS A PILE OF---

HAIR! HEAVY MATTED HAIR, STREWN ABOUT THE FLOOR, JUST LIKE IN MY DREAM! GOOD HEAVENS, CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT IT WASN'T JUST A DREAM AFTER ALL?



AND HERE ON THIS NOTE OF UNCERTAINTY, I MUST END MY STORY. FOR THE SAKE OF LOGIC, I MUST STATE THAT MY UNCAINNY EXPERIENCE WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A DREAM; AND YET, A LINGERING DOUBT PERSISTS IN MY MIND! BUT FOR THE INFORMATION OF THOSE WHO MAY READ THIS ACCOUNT, LET ME EXTEND THIS WARNING: IF YOU EVER HAVE OCCASION TO WALK THROUGH A GRAVEYARD BY NIGHT, PLEASE DO NOT LINGER ALONG THE WAY! THAT SLIGHT SHUFFLING NOISE YOU HEAR BEHIND YOU, MAY BE NOTHING MORE THAN THE RUSTLE OF LEAVES CAUSED BY THE WIND, BUT THEN, ONE CAN NOT BE CERTAIN, UNLESS HE TURNS AROUND, CAN HE?



Ending



A GROUP OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS, EXCAVATING THE SITE OF A ONCE MIGHTY EGYPTIAN PROVINCE, SUDDENLY MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

THIS IS IT, GENTLEMEN! THE TOMB OF THE EGYPTIAN KING WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!



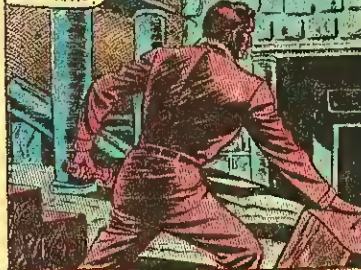
YES, BUT LOOK AT THIS INSCRIPTION! IT TRANSLATED IT READS: "DO NOT DESECRATE THIS RESTING PLACE BY ENTERING IT, FOR DEATH SHALL BE THE LOT OF ANY WHO DO SO!"

ARE WE TO HESITATE BECAUSE OF A SUPERSTITIOUS WARNING WHEN WE STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISCOVERY?



THEY ALL SEEM TO BE IN GENERAL AGREEMENT, SO THEY RETIRE, BUT IN THE SILENT WATCHES OF THE NIGHT, IVAN SANDERS, ONE OF THEIR NUMBER, RISES FROM THE SLEEPING CAMP AND ENTERS THE TOMB.

THE FOOLS! LET THEM SLEEP ON! I SHALL BE THE FIRST TO ENTER THE TOMB, AND DISCOVER ITS SECRET CONTENTS!



GREEDY, AVARICIOUS, BEAST THAT YOU ARE! PRYING INTO THE MYSTIC SECRETS OF THE PAST! TRYING TO OBTAIN FAME AND FORTUNE FROM THE SACRED RELICS OF THE GOLDEN AGE! AND NOW YOU PAY FOR YOUR GREED WITH YOUR LIFE!



HE ENTERS THE OBSCURE CRYPT, AND, AN INSTANT LATER, HE TURNS ABOUT, STARTLED, AS HE HEARS A STRANGE SQUEEING SOUND.

WHAT THE... THAT MUMMY CASE, IT'S OPENING!



THE SCIENTIST STARES IN INECREDULITY, AS THE ANCIENT COFFIN SLIDES OPEN, AND A WEIRD GLOWING FIGURE, SHROUDED IN TATTERED WRAPS, STEPS FORTH.

GOOD HEAVENS! W-WHAT ARE YOU?

I AM THE REMAINS OF THAT MIGHTY MONARCH WHO WAS BURIED HERE! YOU IGNORED THE WARNING I HAD INSCRIBED ON MY TOMB, THEREFORE, YOU MUST DIE!



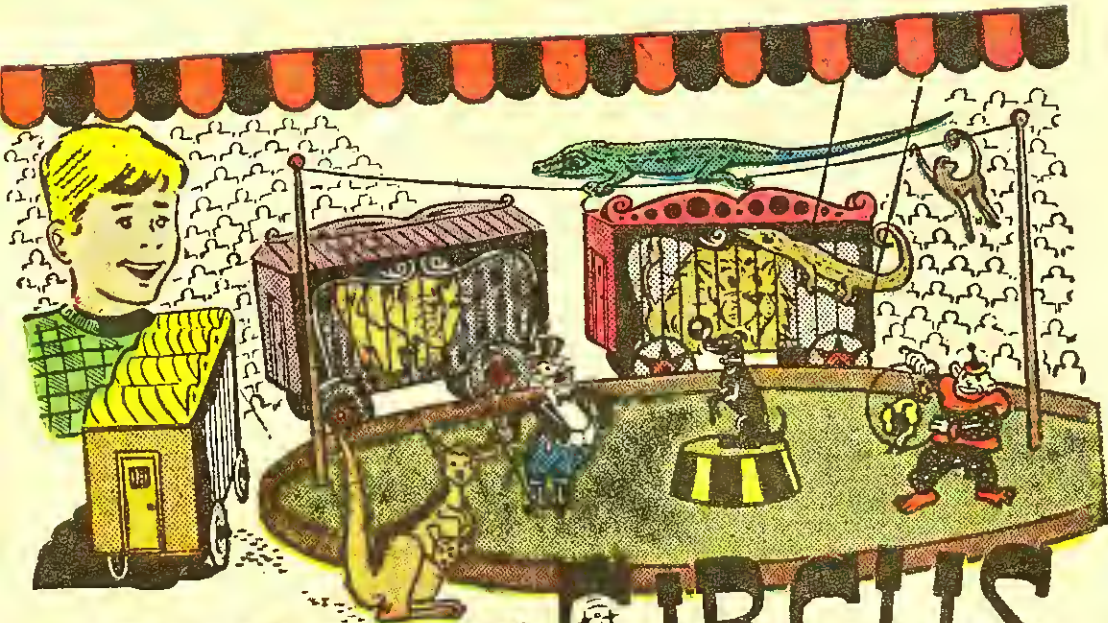
NO, NO, DON'T! I CAN'T BREATHE AGAGH!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE THREE REMAINING SCIENTISTS RETURN TO THE TOMB, AND UPON ENTERING IT, MAKE A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

GREAT SCOT! IT'S SANDERS! HE'S DEAD! HE MUST HAVE TURNED HERE LAST NIGHT!





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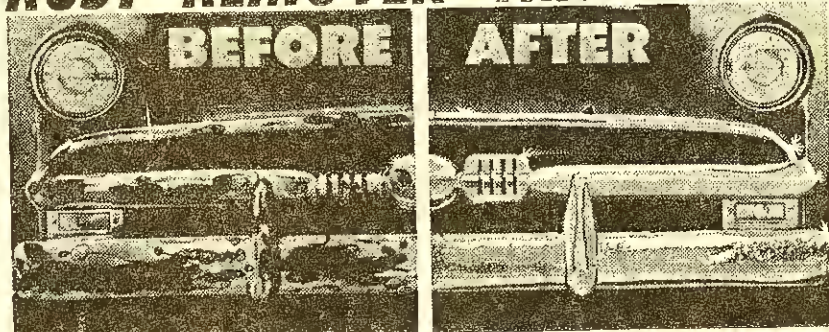
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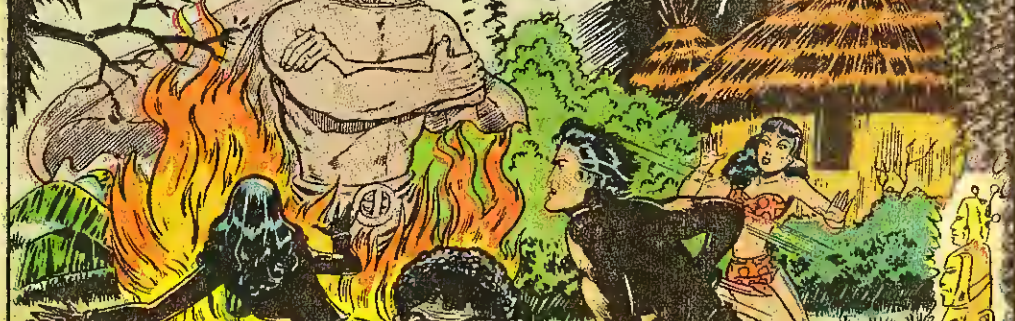
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ing payment with order.

GHOSTLY IDOL!



WHOEVER TOUCHED THE IDOL PERISHED IN SCREAMING PAIN... WHOEVER DEFIED ITS TERRIBLE MESSAGE WAS VANQUISHED WITH FATAL FINACITY... SUCH WERE THE OBSTACLES JO-JO FACED AS HE FOUGHT OVERWHELMING ODDS TO BRING EVIL PERPETRATORS TO JUSTICE AND DESTROY FOREVER A JEN JUNGLE TERROR. "THE IDOL OF MANY FACES!"

CHANCE OF FATE CAUSES A NATIVE OF JO-JO'S VILLAGE TO STUMBLE ACROSS A STRANGE OBJECT IN THE DEEP JUNGLE...



WAH... WHAT IS THIS?

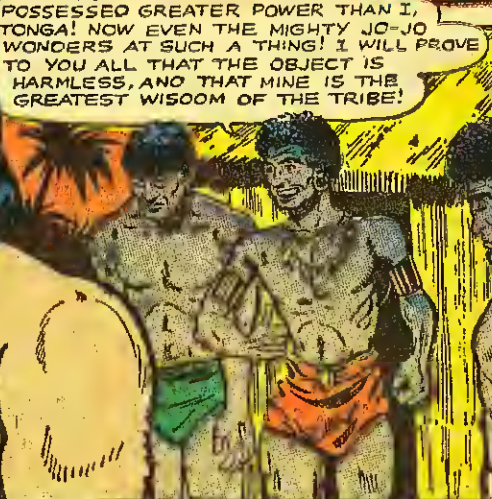
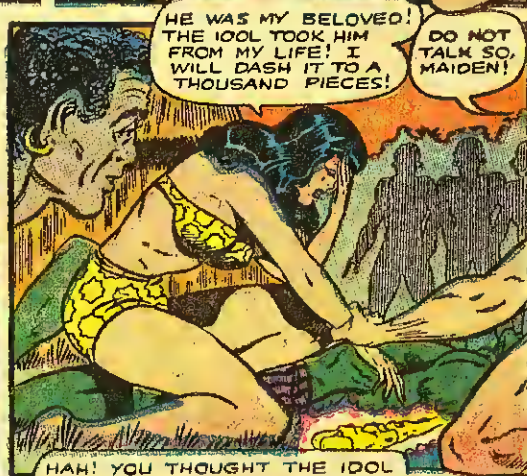
THE FACES OF MANY STRANGE GOOS PEER AT ME! AIEE! DOES IT COME TO LIFE IN MY HANDS? WHAT KIND OF AN OBJECT IS SUCH A THING THAT TREMBLES AS THOUGH IT LIVED? I DARE TO REMOVE IT FROM THIS PLACE FOR JO-JO MUST SEE SUCH A ONE!

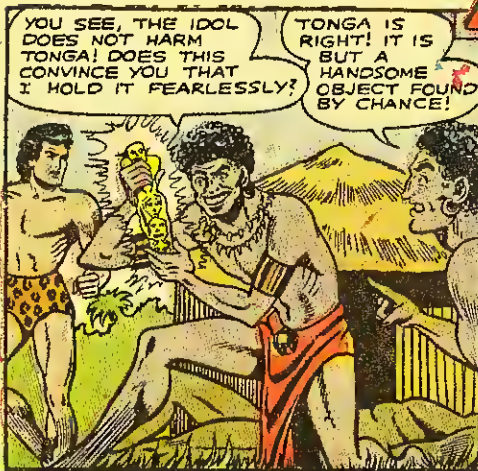


AND SOON THE BREATHLESS MAN LOCATES THE CONGO KING AND BLURTS OUT HIS NEWS...

HOLEE! JO-JO SEE WHAT LURKED IN THE DEEP BRUSH! I BELIEVE IT HAS POWER JUST AS OUR OWN MAN OF MEDICINE, TONGA!







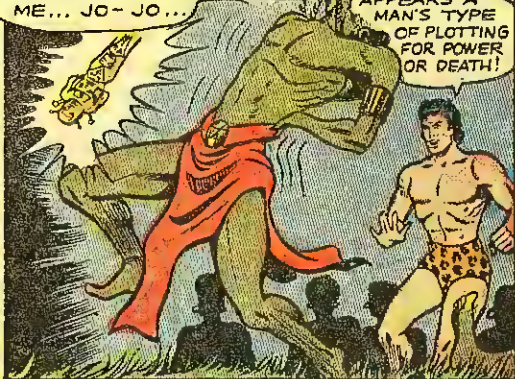
YOU SEE, THE IDOL DOES NOT HARM TONGA! DOES THIS CONVINCE YOU THAT I HOLD IT FEARLESSLY?

TONGA IS RIGHT! IT IS BUT A HANDSOME OBJECT FOUND BY CHANCE!

BUT SUDDENLY...

MY... MY BONES! IT'S ACCURSED! OHH... FORGIVE ME... JO-JO...

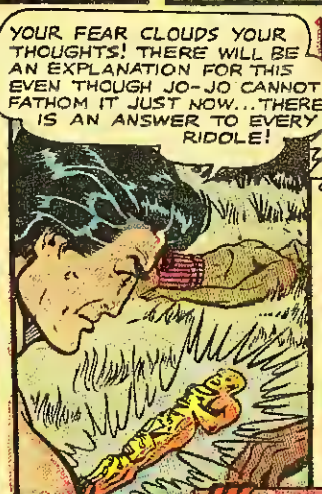
AIEE! ANOTHER SEIZED WITH THE ACHING SICKNESS. THIS IS SURELY NOT THE WORK OF ANY SPIRIT! IT APPEARS A MAN'S TYPE OF PLOTTING FOR POWER OR DEATH!



HAVE WE DONE WRONG TO BE PUNISHED SO?

LISTEN! IT MAKES A SOUND AS IF IT LIVES!

THE STRANGE GOD OF MANY FACES WOULD DESTROY US ALL!



YOUR FEAR CLOUDS YOUR THOUGHTS! THERE WILL BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS EVEN THOUGH JO-JO CANNOT FATHOM IT JUST NOW... THERE IS AN ANSWER TO EVERY RIDDLE!



BUT A BOOMING VOICE RINGS OUT FROM WITHIN THE JUNGLE DEPTHS...

THE IDOL OF FACES HAS PROVED ITS POWER! HEED IT WELL OR PERISH! CAST THE FUMBLING CONGO KING FROM YOUR MIDST! THE IDOL WILL RULE YOU WISER!



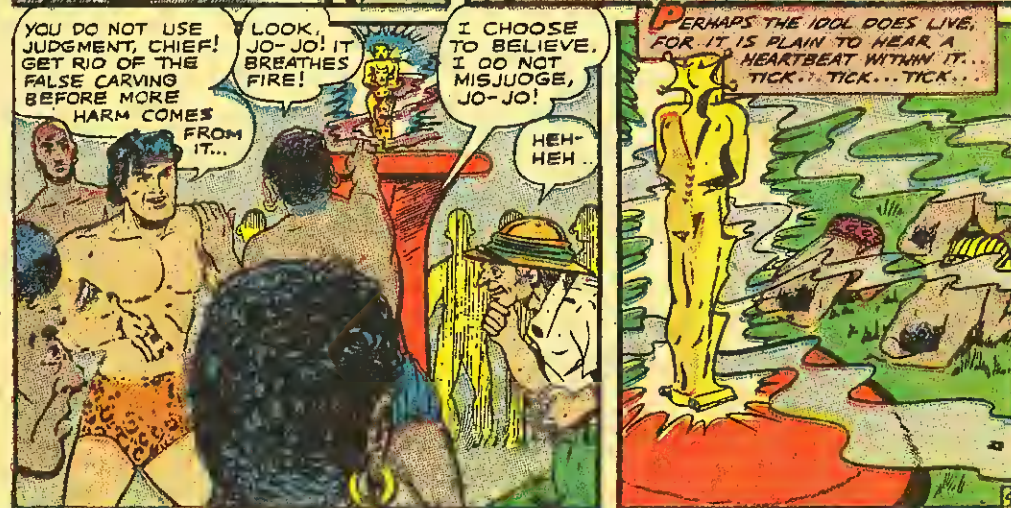
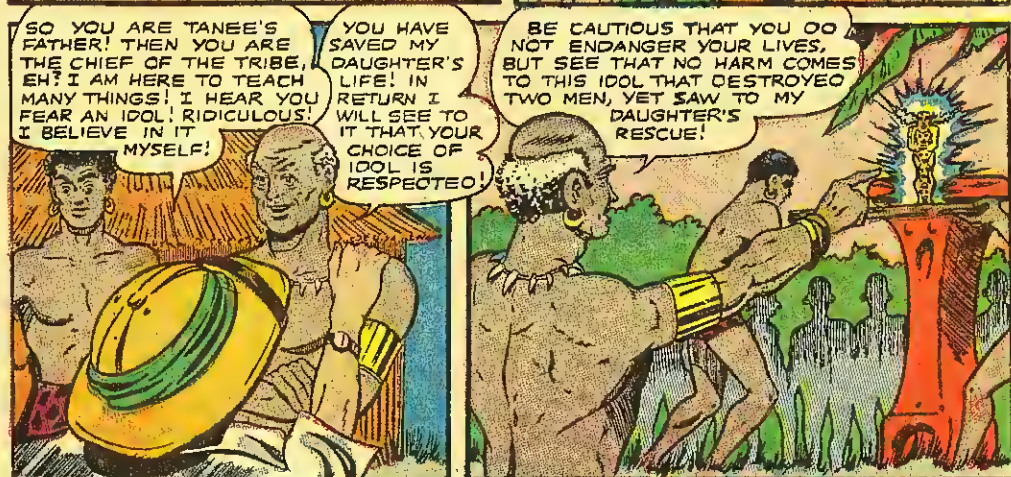
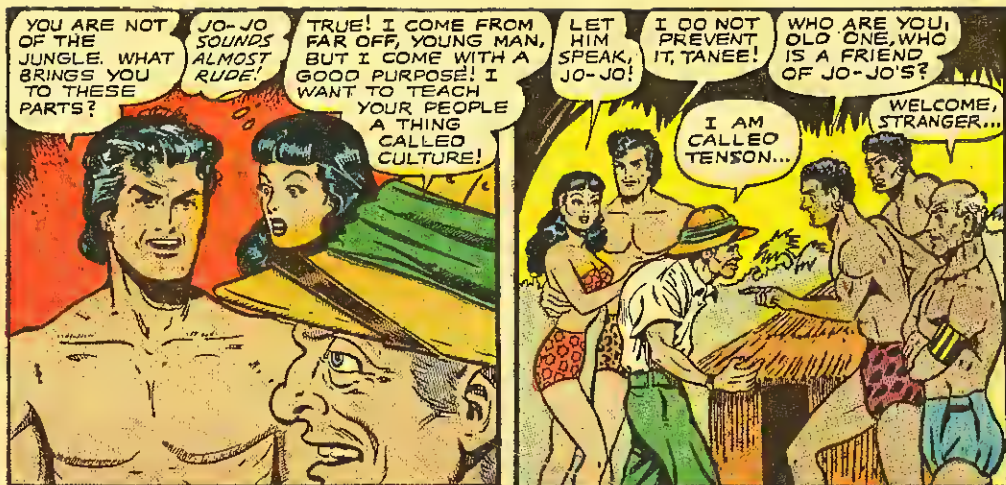
AN IDOL THAT STRIKES DEATH SPEAKS AND WOULD RULE BY TERROR! I SUSPECTED BEFORE, BUT NOW I AM CERTAIN OF A FACT! SOMEONE WOULD DO THIS VILLAGE HARM! I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU. AWAIT ME!



WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE, JO-JO ENCOUNTERS TWO WHO ARE LEAVING THE JUNGLE...

JO-JO! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WOULD SLAY US! THIS KIND STRANGER JUST RESCUED ME FROM A WILD BEAST'S ATTACK!

TANEE! DO YOU NOT KNOW THE NEW DANGERS OF THE DAY? WHERE DID YOU TWO MEET?



THAT NIGHT THE ENTIRE VILLAGE GATHERS TO DISCUSS THE TOPIC OF THE DAY, THE IDOL OF MANY FACES... AND...

WE ALL HAVE OUR FANCIES, JO-JO. WHY DON'T YOU LET THE VILLAGERS BELIEVE IN THAT IDOL IF THEY WISH? NO HARM COULD COME FROM THAT!

I SAY IT IS CRUEL TO LET PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT WHICH DOES NOT EXIST!

LOOK, JO-JO!

A STRANGE ONE! HE EVEN ADMITS HIS GREAT ATTENTION TO THE IDOL IS A PRETENSE!



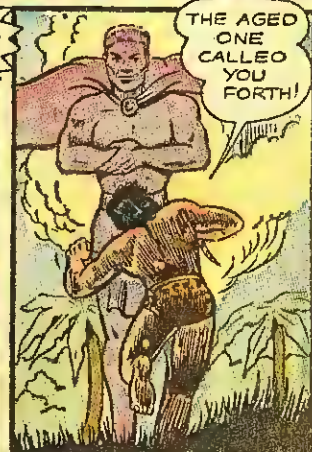
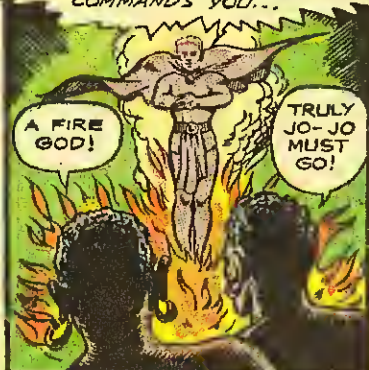
AIEE! WHAT FIERCE LIGHT IS THIS WHICH GROWS FROM NOTHINGNESS?

I HAVE WARNED YOU ONCE... NOW I APPEAR TO REPEAT MY WORDS... CAST JO-JO ASIDE IF MY WORDS LIVE... IT MUST BE... THE IDOL COMMANDS YOU...

A FIRE GOD!

TRULY JO-JO MUST GO!

THE AGED ONE CALLED YOU FORTH!

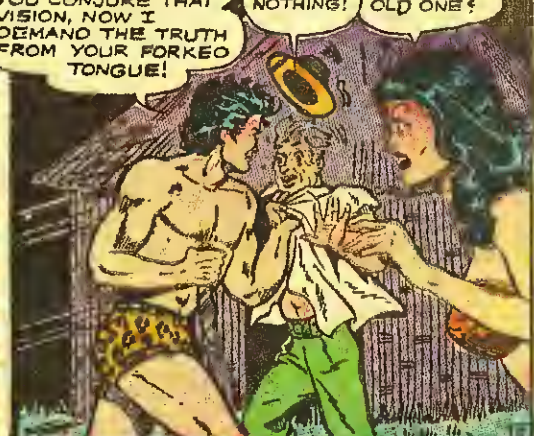


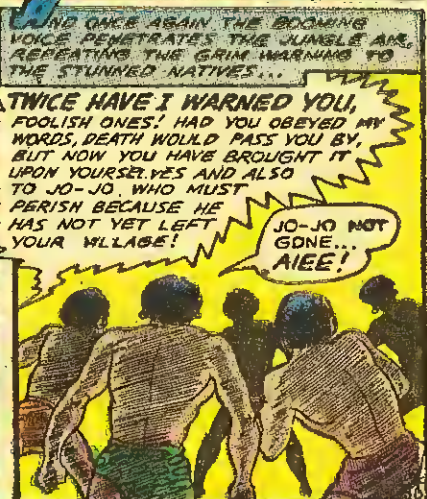
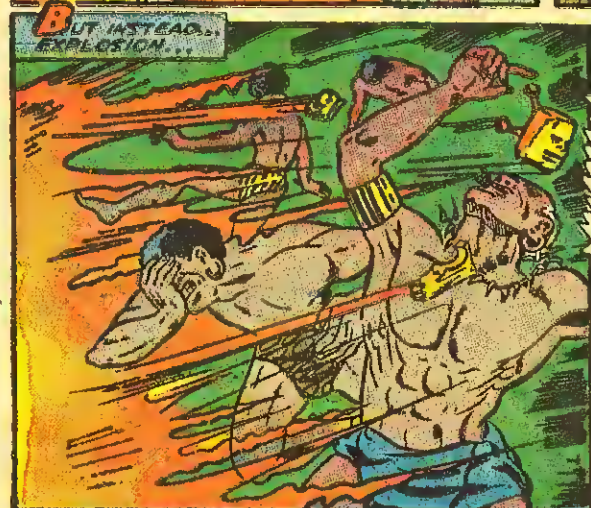
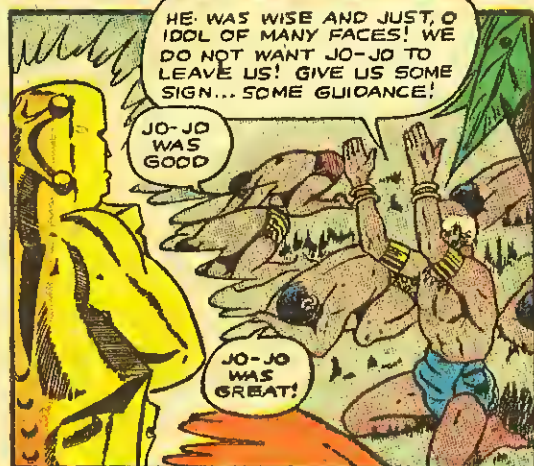
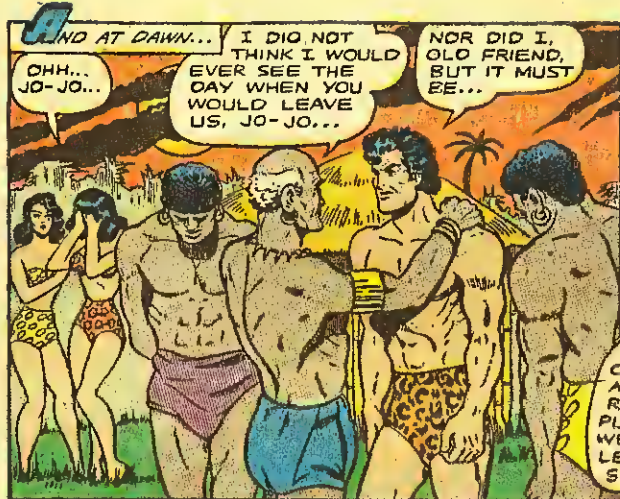
WAH! THE FLAMES ARE FIERCE, AND YOU ARE BRAVE TO WITHSTAND IT, BUT... BUT HE IS GONE! THE SPIRIT THING VANISHES!

THIS GOES TOO FAR, UGLY ONE! I SAW YOU CONJURE THAT VISION, NOW I DEMAND THE TRUTH FROM YOUR FORKED TONGUE!

WAIT! I... I KNOW NOTHING!

ALAS, JO-JO! WOULD YOU BEAT AN OLD ONE?





AIEE! I AM THE FIRST TO DIE!
A THOUSAND PAINS SEIZE ME! I
SHOULD HAVE HEEOED THE WORDS
OF THE IDOL! THE FIRE GOD
SPOKE TRUE...

KEEP AWAY, CONGO
KING! YOU ARE
THE CAUSE OF MY
PLIGHT! TOUCH
ME NOT!

LET ME AID YOU, POOR
BROTHER! DO NOT CURSE
ME! I KNOW LITTLE OF
THIS EVIL, BUT I SWEAR
YOUR DEATH WILL BE
AVENGED!



WAH! THE
CURSE SEIZES
US ALL! WHAT
HAVE WE DONE
TO DESERVE
THIS FATE?

SPARE ME!
I WILL DO
ANYTHING
THE FIRE
GOD
COMMANDS!

WHAT SHALL
I DO TO
HELP MY
POOR
PEOPLE?

DO YOUR EYES
NOT SEE? THEY
SUFFER BECAUSE
YOU STAY! YOU
MUST LEAVE, JO-JO!
DO YOU WANT OUR
ENTIRE TRIBE
EXTINGUISHED
FROM THE JUNGLE
BECAUSE YOU
LINGER HERE?

I KNOW NOT
HOW TO COPE
WITH THIS
THING... I WILL
LEAVE, BUT WHEN
I RETURN THE EVIL-
DOERS WILL BE WITH
ME AS MY PRISONERS
TO SHOW
YOU THIS
IS A
MAN-
MADE
THING!



TAKE ME WITH
YOU, JO-JO! I
DON'T BELIEVE
THEM! YOU HAVE
NOTHING TO DO
WITH THIS
MONSTROUS
THING!

YOU ARE A
COMFORT TO ME,
TANEE, AND MUCH
TOO PRECIOUS TO
EXPOSE TO THE
DANGERS I SEEK!
REMAIN HERE WITH
OUR PEOPLE! I WILL
BE BACK, I PROMISE...

PERHAPS THIS IS
THE KEY THAT
OPENS THE DOOR
TO SUCH A BLACK
MYSTERY! I WILL
TRY TO DISCOVER
SOMETHING THROUGH
THIS ONE!

WHILE NO ONE IS
BOTHERING WITH
ME, IT'S A GOOD
CHANGE TO GET
A LITTLE
BUSINESS
DONE...



UNSEEN, JO-JO FOLLOWS THE PLOTTER DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE...

VENTO! VENTO! WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE YOU...

HA! JUST AS I SURMISED! HE SEEKS A FRIEND WHO DARES NOT COME OUT OF THE JUNGLE!

YES! ALL OF OUR EXPERIMENTS! EXPERIMENTS THAT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE WARFARE ALL OVER THE WORLD! WE WON'T FIGHT. WILL WE, VENTO? BUT WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS! MILLIONS! AND THESE WORTHLESS NATIVES HAVE A WONDERFUL TESTING GROUND FOR US!

GLAD WE THOUGHT TO MAKE A DUPLICATE IDOL! I'LL EXPLAIN THAT IT RETURNS TO PROTECT THEM, BUT JUST IN CASE JO-JO RETURNS, I'LL INSERT THIS BOMB!

IT IS BEST THAT I RELOAD THE NEEDLE GUN TOO. CAN'T TELL, BUT WE MIGHT MEET THE CONGO KING!

AS THE OLD MAN WALKS AWAY TO PLANT THE NEW IDOL...

WAH! THE WINE GIVES WAY! NOW I MUST BE READY FOR MUCH ACTION!

HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED THAT YOU CAN'T FIGHT GUNS, STUPID?

JO-JO! YOU MUST BE INSANE TO SHOW UP HERE AFTER EAVESDROPPING ON US! YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE THIS GUN EXPLAINED TO YOU AGAIN, I PRESUME! IT HAS OUR GREEN CHEMICAL IN IT NOW...

WAH! I MUST SHMP BACK TO MY SENSES AS QUICKLY AS I CAN.

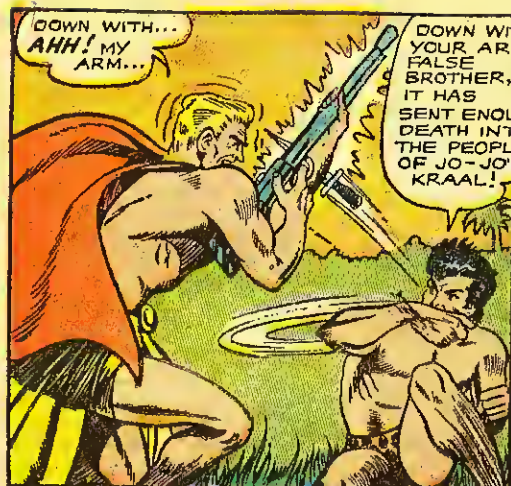
PERHAPS I WILL DIE, EVIL ONE, BUT NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT! AND ALL THE JUNGLE WILL SEEK TO AVENGE ME IF ANYTHING DOES HAPPEN TO ME!

BUT SOON...

GOOD WORK, VENTO! YOU'VE REALLY FRIGHTENED THE NATIVES! THOSE CHEMICAL NEEDLES DO THE TRICK! AND WE'RE RICH OF JO-JO TOO! WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, BUT HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF THE COMMISSIONER

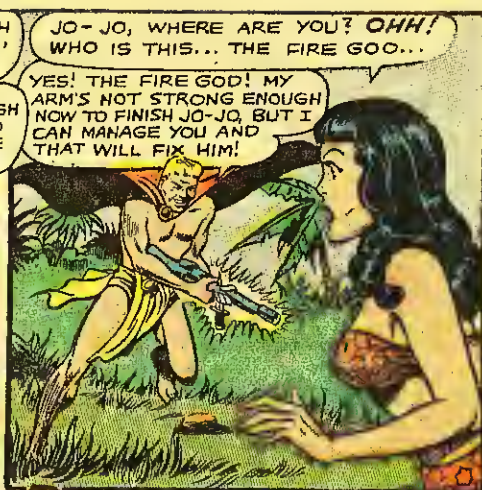
AT LAST YOU ARRIVE! IF WE'VE HAD SUCH SUCCESS THEN WE'RE READY TO CARRY OUT THE OTHER EXPERIMENTS!

THE FIRE GOD!



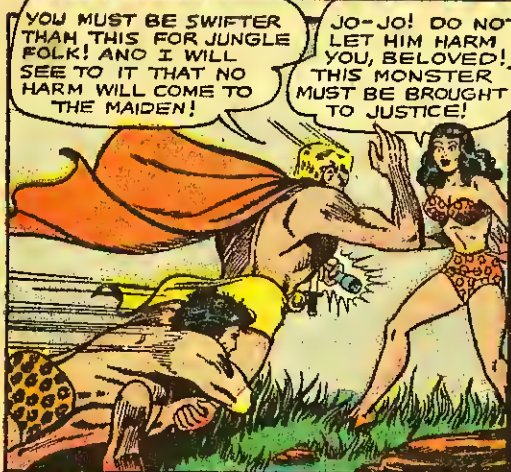
DOWN WITH...
AHH! MY
ARM...

DOWN WITH
YOUR ARM,
FALSE
BROTHER,
IT HAS
SENT ENOUGH
DEATH INTO
THE PEOPLE
OF JO-JO'S
KRAAL!



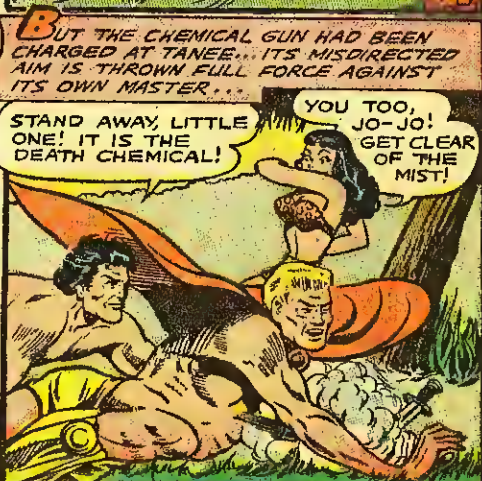
JO-JO, WHERE ARE YOU? OH!
WHO IS THIS... THE FIRE GOO...

YES! THE FIRE GOD! MY
ARM'S NOT STRONG ENOUGH
NOW TO FINISH JO-JO, BUT I
CAN MANAGE YOU AND
THAT WILL FIX HIM!



YOU MUST BE SWIFTER
THAN THIS FOR JUNGLE
FOLK! AND I WILL
SEE TO IT THAT NO
HARM WILL COME TO
THE MAIDEN!

JO-JO! DO NOT
LET HIM HARM
YOU, BELOVED!
THIS MONSTER
MUST BE BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE!



STAND AWAY, LITTLE
ONE! IT IS THE
DEATH CHEMICAL!

YOU TOO,
JO-JO!
GET CLEAR
OF THE
MIST!

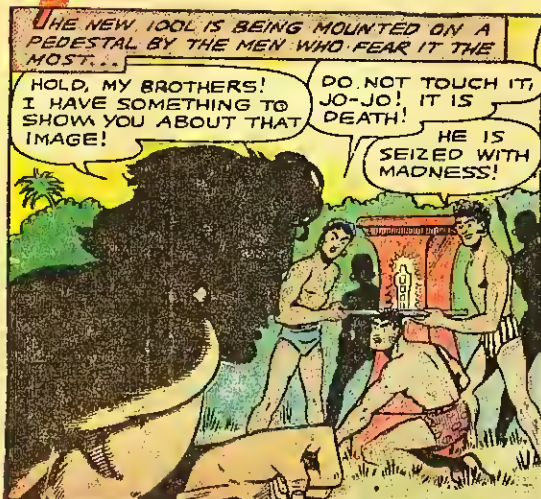


WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR LEAVING
YOUR SIDE? WHEN I THINK THAT THIS
COULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO
YOU... OH!

FRET NOT. DEATH
SOMETIMES STRIKES
KILLERS, TOO, YOU
KNOW...



BUT ENOUGH OF THIS IDLE
CHATTER! WE MUST GET TO
THE VILLAGE, WHERE THE
ONE WHO IS WISE IN THIS EVIL
PREACHES GREATER
UNTRUTHS TO OUR PEOPLE!
NOW WE HAVE PROOF OF
HIS MISCHIEF AND CAN ACT
AS WE SHOULD HAVE FROM
THE BEGINNING!



THE
END

THE **RING** AND THE SKELETON

Probably none of you will recall a small article that appeared in some newspapers in 1943 reporting the disappearance of Dr. Eugene Driscoll in the Brazilian jungle, for the government ordered complete secrecy and further information to the public was suppressed. This was necessary because Dr. Driscoll was engaged in a search for a new mineral vital to the war effort, and had the enemy known of his loss our victory would have been retarded.

Now, years later, I can tell the whole sad story, for I was his chief assistant. We had been in the jungle for nearly a year, exploring the territory that lies between the headwaters of the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers, cut off for months at a time from any semblance of civilization. There were only a few white men employing natives as guides and bearers, surrounded by Indian tribes, some friendly, some quite hostile.

Our camp at this time was on the bank of a small tributary of the Orinoco. I had remained in camp that day for we had been having some trouble with one of the natives, and Dr. Driscoll had left early that morning with only a few men to continue his exploration for the precious mineral. I did not suspect any untoward event until four in the afternoon, the doctor being accustomed to return at about this time, for not much later the dense vegetation would close out the last light of day. Then I became uneasy, and finally alarmed. I paced back and forth, torn with worry, helplessly watching the profound darkness settle about us. Still no sound or indication of Dr. Driscoll's return. There was nothing much I could do, except to send out several trustworthy tribesmen with lanterns. They soon

returned, however, having discovered nothing at all. I spent a sleepless night, hoping that he would come back, determined that I would set out to seek him the first thing in the morning if he did not. As the early light filtered weakly through the mass of foliage the doctor was still missing. My good spirits returned as I organized the search party, for I knew approximately what area he had been prospecting.

But I had no luck. I spent the entire day hunting feverishly, urging on the natives as they hacked laboriously through the nigh impassable underbrush, wading through swamps, climbing over and around fallen trees, panting and sweating with the intense effort. Only once did I utter a shout of joy, this when I chanced on a newly cleaned path. Hope reborn, I followed the path with a fresh burst of energy only to find that it ended a few hundred yards further on. After that, nothing. My imagination was uncontrollable as it pictured one tragic fate after another that might have befallen the unfortunate scientist, for I knew only too well the dangers that lurked in the jungle. Rarely has a lost man been found.

In the late afternoon I made my way back to the camp, very much discouraged. But there was only one thing to do, continue the search, widening the sphere to be covered. Had he been taken by enemy Indians, killed by some savage animal, or was he simply lost, wandering in circles?

In our beating of the jungle the following day we came across a native village. I sent for the chieftain.

"Have you seen Dr. Driscoll?" I asked through an interpreter when he came.

The chieftain muttered something unintelligible and glared at me fiercely. God, I thought, if they've murdered him, I'll . . .

The Indian withdrew to consult with his warriors, ranged behind him. He spoke rapidly, and was answered by one or two. What's going on? I wondered desperately. But my fears were relieved when the man returned with a smile on his face. Noting his now cheerful demeanor my thoughts were again carried away, they hadn't killed the doctor, they were hiding him in one of their squalid huts and would now release him. But this wasn't true, either.

"I do not know where your good leader is," the chieftain had the interpreter tell me. "But perhaps if you go to the Langusta tribe, one day's march north of my humble village, they will know."

I wasted not one moment. Instead of returning to our base camp we headed directly for the Langusta territory. The vegetation became thinner as we plodded on so that we made good time; nevertheless it was necessary to camp out that night. Rising early, we were at the stockade of this tribe by ten in the morning. But they, too, knew nothing of Dr. Driscoll. Could they be lying? I thought. There was no way of knowing; the chief had been friendly enough and his tribe had never molested our party.

The search went on, becoming more desperate, for every passing day reduced our chances. I pushed my men on, thinking alternately of the terrible need for the mineral, and of how fine a man Dr. Driscoll was, always warm and friendly, always ready to lend a helping hand. I shuddered as I imagined his body rotting in the jungle, at night I dreamed of boa constructors, crocodiles, poisonous insects and every other deadly and dreaded animal.

Once one of my beaters shouted exultantly.

I rushed up to him. There was a body on the ground, but a closer inspection of the corpse revealed that it was a native, and not of those men that the doctor had taken with him that fateful day. Again my hopes were shattered.

Day after day the hunt continued. Then I began to lose my men. One fell ill with some mysterious tropical malady that neither quinine nor none of my other medicines would cure. When he finally died his fellows buried him, beginning to grumble discontentedly. I goaded them on, heedless of everything except the pressing need to know of Dr. Driscoll's fate. Another native, wandering too far afield, was squeezed to death by a boa constrictor. My party wanted to quit, insisting that by this time the doctor was beyond any need of mortal help. This is exactly what I feared but I could not rest until I was certain. Desperate, I threatened and bullied them and we pursued our slow way through the brooding quiet of the jungle relieved only by the sudden shrill chattering of monkeys excited by our coming or the sinister sound of the wind through the exotic verdure.

One day I stumbled across a small clearing in the middle of which grew a solitary tree. From a branch there hung a skeleton, a few morsels of flesh still clinging to the bones, an arrow held between two ribs. Evidently, this was an Indian murder. And most eerily of all, as I gazed at the grisly sight, fascinated despite myself, a gaily colored macaw flew over and perched on one shoulder. The bright plumage of the tropical bird contrasted sharply with the sickening color of dead flesh and sun-bleached bone. The macaw uttered a few staccato cries, and as it shifted its position, the head of the skeleton turned as if to reply. Then I caught the glint of sun on a metal object, a ring on the skeleton's hand. I approached, and recognized the ring that Dr. Driscoll had always worn. The end had come.

The VENGEFUL Phantom

by Jay Diebrow

WHEN AMBROSE McSHAVEN KILLED HIS PARTNER, ERIC PORTER, HE HAD COMMITTED A PERFECT CRIME, IN SO FAR AS EVIDENCE WAS CONCERNED, BUT McSHAVEN'S MIND WAS TROUBLED BY PORTER'S DYING OATH, THAT HE WOULD RETURN FOR REVENGE.

ONE NIGHT, MANY YEARS LATER, McSHAVEN WAS AWAKENED FROM A SOUND SLEEP AND AS HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE SAW WHAT APPEARED TO BE A DISSEMBLED SPIRIT FLOATING TOWARD HIM.

HEAVEN HELP ME... WHAT A-ARE YOU?

DON'T YOU KNOW ME, AMBROSE?

I AM ERIC PORTER, WHOM YOU MURDERED! I HAVE COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO CLAIM THE REVENGE I SWORE I WOULD EXACT FROM YOU!

NO, NO, DON'T KILL ME... PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE... PLEASE LET ME LIVE... AAGH!

YOUR HOUR HAS COME AMBROSE McSHAVEN, I HAVE SPOKEN!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE MAID DISCOVERED THE INANIMATE FORM OF THE OLD MAN.

HE DOESN'T ANSWER ME! I BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR!

AND WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVED,

DEATH BY STRANGULATION, HE EVIDENTLY HAD GOTTEN SOME OF THE BED CLOTHES ENTPANGLED ABOUT HIS NECK AND CHOKED TO DEATH!

THAT'S ODD... I SMELL EMBALMING FLUID! THE AIR IN THIS ROOM IS IMPREGNATED WITH IT!

YES, IT'S THE SMELL OF DEATH! DOCTOR, DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT HE WAS VISITED BY A GHO-?

MADAM; IN MY PROFESSION WE DEAL ONLY WITH THE PHYSICAL FACTS. AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, THIS IS A CASE OF DEATH BY NATURAL CAUSES, AND I AM SATISFIED TO LEAVE ANY SPECULATION CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL TO THOSE WHO WISH TO PONDER IT!

The DJINNI of BAZRA

by Jay Disbrow

IN A CERTAIN SOMBER CAVERN IN THE INACCESSIBLE BACK WOODS COUNTRY OF BAZRA, IRAK, A CREATURE OF SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN WAS BELIEVED TO DWELL. IT WAS SAID TO HAVE A FACE SO GROTESQUE, THAT TO LOOK UPON IT MEANT CERTAIN DEATH.

"SINCE THEN, MANY OTHERS HAVE SEEN IT, A HORRIBLE THING COMING UP FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, MOANING LIKE THE DEMON HE IS!"

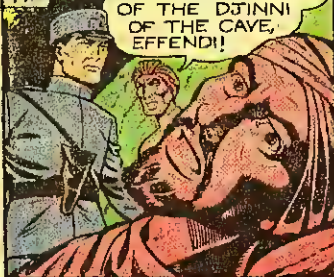


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HARRY DENFELD LOCATED THE FABLED CAVERN

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE IN THERE, AND I HEAR THAT AWFUL MOANING, BUT THAT VAPOR IS OBSCURING EVERYTHING, I'LL HAVE TO GO INSIDE... BETTER PUT ON MY GAS MASK, IN CASE THOSE FUMES ARE LETHAL!



"SEVERAL OF MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN FOUND DEAD, THEIR EYES BULGING HORRIBLY WITH FROZEN TERROR AS A RESULT OF LOOKING UPON IT"



GOOD HEAVEN! SO THIS IS THE DJINNI OF BAZRA!



HARRY DENFELD, AN ENGLISH EXPLORER DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE THE UNCANNY MATTER.

CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING CONCERNING THIS WEIRD CREATURE, GREAT CALIPH?

INDEED, EFFENDI! THE FIRST MAN TO SEE THE OGRE WAS AN ENGLISH MAN, LIKE YOURSELF, MANY YEARS AGO! HE SAW IT ONE DAY WHEN SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS. HE NEVER RETURNED!



SO YOU SEE EFFENDI DENFELD, IT WOULD BE MADNESS TO INVESTIGATE THIS PHENOMENON. FOR IN SO DOING, YOU TOO WILL PERISH TO IT, AND AS DID THE OTHERS!

I AM NOT A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN, CALIPH! THERE MUST BE A REASONABLE EXPLANATION FOR IT, AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

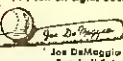


LATER... YES, IT WAS THE ENGLISH DIAMOND MINER YOU MENTIONED. WHILE CHIPPING THE WALL OF THE CAVE, HE MUST HAVE OPENED UP A FISSURE THAT RELEASED A STRANGE GAS WHICH INSTANTLY KILLED HIM AND SOLIDIFIED HIS BODY. THE MOANING SOUND WAS CAUSED BY THE GAS ESCAPING FROM THE FISSURE, AND THOSE NATIVES THAT DIED MUST HAVE BEEN OVERCOME BY THE GAS... BUT YET... I COULD ALMOST SWEAR I SAW THE THING MOVE... I WONDER!



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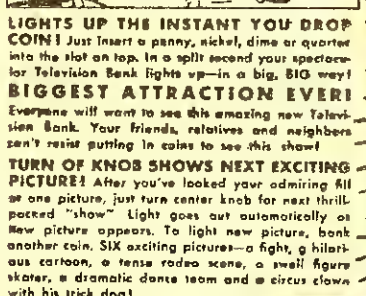
Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at \$2 each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in big Prize Catalog. **PRINT BELOW.**

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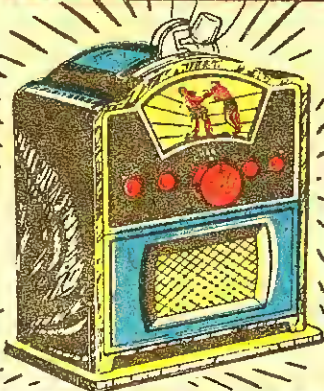
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THIS WAS THE PATTERN OF DR. AND MRS. WILSON'S LIFE! HE WAS A WEALTHY MAN AND AS OFTEN AS NOT TOOK NO FEES FOR HIS SERVICES! HIS BEAUTIFUL GARDENS HE SHARED WITH THE CHARITY PATIENTS WHEN HIS FLOWERS COULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM FURTHER RICHES!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON WHEN DR. WILSON WAS ABOUT TO RELAX AFTER HIS OFFICE HOURS...



AND SO WE ENTER THE LIFE OF A NEW DR. WILSON...THE MAN EVERYONE LOVED...AND WHO NOW HATED EVERYBODY...LOVE HAD GONE FROM HIS HEART/OH, HE GUARDED HIS SECRET WELL, NO ONE KNEW THE VENOMOUS HATRED THIS MAN FELT FOR ALL PEOPLE! ABOUT SIX MONTHS AFTER ANGELA DIED, HER SISTER, ERICA ADAMS, TRIED TO BE OF HELP TO ALEX...



ALEX, WON'T YOU LET US HELP YOU? YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

YOU AND JONATHAN HAVE BEEN VERY KIND, ERICA...EVERYONE HAS, BUT...



NO BUTS, ALEX! THIS HOUSE, YOUR GARDENS! YOU ARE TORTURING YOURSELF! MOVE IN WITH US FOR A WHILE! FORGET YOUR ROSES!

MY DEAR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE GARDENS ARE NOW ANGELA'S MONUMENT! HER ROSES MUST NEVER DIE!



WELL, GOODBYE FOR NOW, ALEX. REMEMBER, JONATHAN AND I WOULD WELCOME YOU!

I KNOW THAT, I WILL SEE YOU SOON, I'M MAKING PLANS!

DR. ALEX WILSON



ANGELA DIED BECAUSE SHE LOVED ROSES...OTHERS LOVE ROSES...AND OTHERS WILL DIE!



IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AND YOU'VE HAD NO DINNER, DOCTOR!

THANK YOU, MRS. MARSH, YOU ARE VERY KIND!



DOCTOR, YOU WILL BECOME ILL...EVER SINCE MADAM DIED..

DON'T WORRY, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER! I OWE IT TO MRS. WILSON TO GO ON...GOOD NIGHT, AND THANK YOU!



YES, I'M BETTER, AND SOON I WILL BE FINE, BECAUSE MY "WORK" WILL BE FINISHED! HA/HA/NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!



TIME WENT ON, AND OUTWARDLY DR. WILSON WAS UN-
CHANGED... THE HANDSOME, KIND WIDOWER WAS
STILL THE ADORED OF EVERYONE. BUT LITTLE DID
THEY KNOW... OR ALEXANDER WILSON WAS COM-
PLETING HIS WORK / DEATH BY THE ROSE WAS
ABOUT TO BEGIN.

THIS IS IT! AT LAST I HAVE IT PERFECTED! THE
ULTRA DEATH RAY SOLUTION / SPRAYED ON THE
ROSES, IT WILL KILL! OH, ANGELA, NOT YOU ALONE
DIED BY THE ROSE, / NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!



HOW COULD ANYONE EVER KNOW WHAT
THIS MAN WAS DOING?

DOCTOR, TOM AND I CAN
NEVER THANK YOU FOR
WHAT YOU DID TO MAKE
HIM WELL / THANKS TO
YOU WE'RE CELEBRAT-
ING OUR ANNIVERSARY
TOMORROW / I HAD TO
STOP IN TO TELL
YOU!

IT'S WONDER-
FUL TO SEE
YOU AND TOM
SO HAPPY,
AND OH, SO IN
LOVE!



LET US LEAVE THE GOOD, KIND DOCTOR,
AND CELEBRATE THE SIMPSONS'
ANNIVERSARY WITH THEM.

TOM, LOOK AT
THE BEAUTIFUL
ROSES OR, WILSON
SENT ME / I MEN-
TIONED THIS WAS
OUR ANNIVERSARY!

WHAT A FINE MAN
HE IS / THERE
AREN'T MANY
LIKE HIM!



OH!... I FEEL... SO...
DIZZY. OH...
TOM...

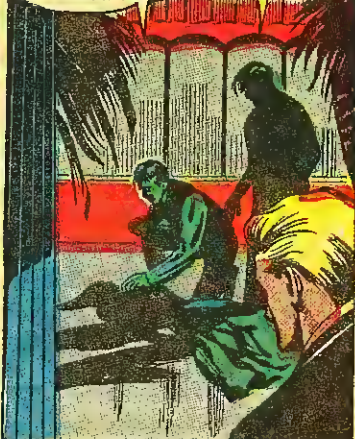


IS THERE A DOC... GET A
DOCTOR... MY WIFE HAS
FAINTED!



THIS WOMAN IS
DEAD / HEART
FAILURE!

NO, NO / THAT
CAN'T BE!

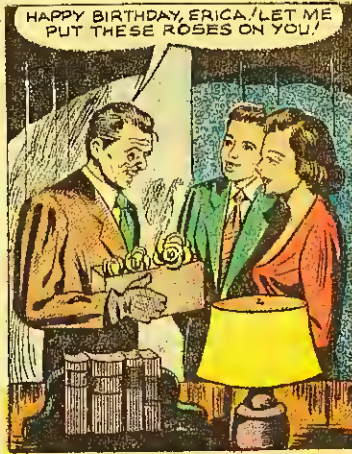
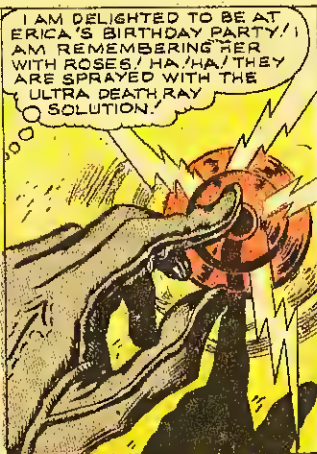


RIGHT ABOUT NOW SOME-
BODY SHOULD BE TELL-
ING TOM SIMPSON THAT
MARY IS DEAD... OF HEART
FAILURE / NO ONE WILL
EVER KNOW THE TRUTH!





YES, I KNOW, YOU WERE LIKE A FATHER TO ME! I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW WONDERFUL YOU WERE!



IT WAS A WONDERFUL PARTY, UNTIL THE HOSTESS...

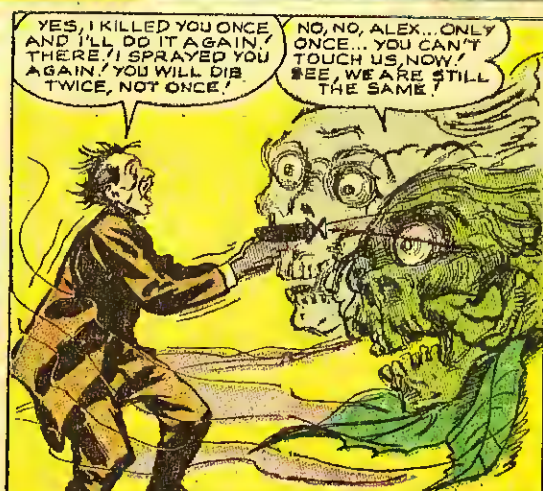
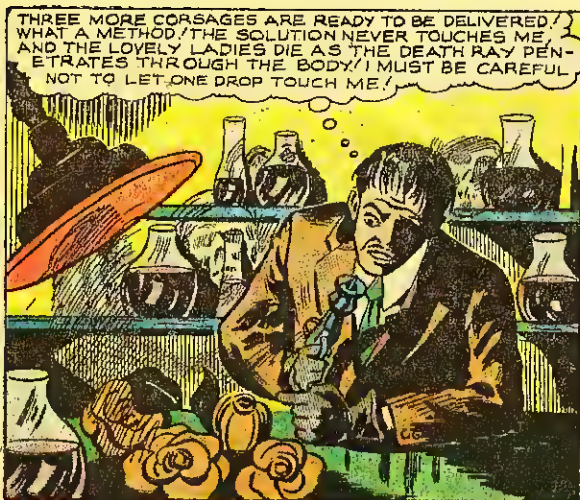


OF COURSE! HERE... LET ME SEE HER!



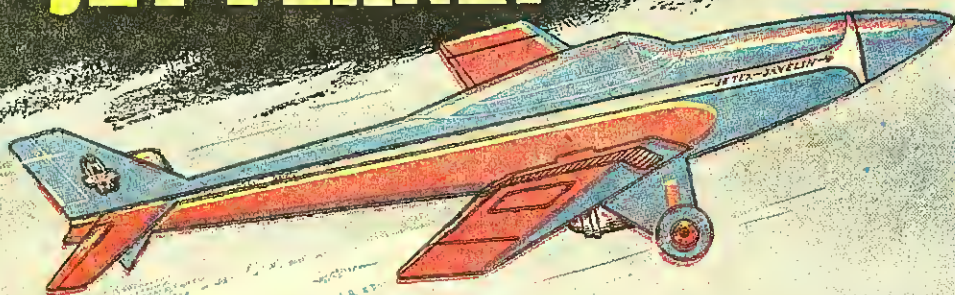
OH, NO! NOT ERICA! NO! NO!





THE END

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SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95! The JETEX JAVELIN, the JETEX #50 engine, the JETEX #50 jet engine for EX #50 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.).

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

JETEX JAVELIN

**Guaranteed to give you
Fun-filled Flights!**

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

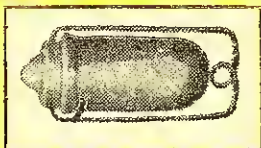
GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

**AMAZING JETEX #50
JET ENGINE**

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable.

NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



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